

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 12.]

JUNE, 1857.

[PRICE 1½d.

OLD SIMON'S REVENGE.

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ON the outskirts of a pleasant little village lived a poor gray-haired old man, usually known by the appellation of "Old Simon." He occupied a little cottage on the bank of a small but beautiful river which went quietly meandering along through smiling fields and rich valleys, its clear waters revealing thousands of bright coloured pebbles with which its bed was thickly strewn, and, what was of far more importance to "Old Simon," furnishing an abundance of excellent fish. It was by catching fish and disposing of them at a neighbouring city that old Simon chiefly gained his subsistence. A comfortable one it was too, for though he lived entirely alone, having neither brothers nor sisters, nor wife nor children, yet during the summer season, he managed to gather a good many little nice things about him, which hardly any one who saw what a rough looking old fellow he was, would suppose he had a taste for. All along under his windows he had pretty rows of garden flowers which he kept quite free from weeds; large handsome cinnamon rosebushes grew on each side of his door, which completely shading his little porch, lifted their sweet-smelling branches high above the eaves of his humble dwelling, and really gave it quite a pretty and even elegant appearance.

Here the old man would sit of an evening and smoke his pipe, while he mended his fishing-nets and arranged the rods and lines with which his bright yellow walls were decorated, every now and then stopping to stroke the back of an old gray cat who sat purring at his feet, and looking lovingly into his face, and which some of the neighbours, who occasionally dropped in to hold a chat with the old man, de-

clared must be as old as Methusaleh. When he was hungry he ate, and when he was sleepy he went to bed; and so he lived on year after year, in the same unvarying round, enjoying himself in his own way better than a king.

But by and by old Simon began to grow infirm. Rheumatism screwed his fingers and wrenched his back, and even sometimes went so far as to threaten to make him wrap up his feet in flannels and sit by the fire all the day long. But this part of the business he strenuously resisted—and to say the truth he generally came off with flying colours; for it was a maxim, he asserted, which held good with the rheumatism, as with another unwelcome visitor, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

Unwilling, however, as he was to confess it, the infirmities of age were really getting fast hold on him. He was beginning to have what he called "lazy days," that is, days when he was obliged to sit moping by his fireside, or by his little shady porch, singing, and looking wistfully at his fishing apparatus, and wondering what in the world was the reason he could not go out now in all weathers, without taking cold as he had in former days. "Ah, well!" he would exclaim, meekly folding his hands "I really suppose I must be getting a little infirm; but, blessed be God! I'm pretty hale and hearty for such an old boy as I am!" Then complacently stroking his gray locks over his forehead, he would try to wile away the time by reading a chapter in the Bible, or a page or two in Robinson Crusoe, or in consulting the almanack to see whether it was likely to be good weather for fishing to-morrow.

As might naturally be expected, old Simon sometimes in long winters, particularly when the fishing season had been bad, was a little straitened for ready money.

However, as he had plenty of vegetables, there was no danger of his starving, and his principal difficulty was, an occasional scarcity of fuel. But everybody knew him to be an honest, upright man, who always had a cheerful word and a pleasant smile for every one, and therefore, as you may suppose, he was not lacking of friends. These were, to be sure, worthy poor people, but they all had a little to give him, just out of neighbourly good-will towards the lonesome old man.

It may appear wonderful that so harmless and unoffending a man as old Simon should have enemies, or that he should ever be looked upon with any other feelings than those of good will. But so it was. There was one man, the wealthiest in the village, who lived on the other side of the river, just opposite the old fisherman's cottage, who had conceived a violent ill-will against him, and who often treated him in a very disrespectful and even insulting manner. This was observed with much surprise by the neighbours, but old Simon never satisfied them as to the cause although he himself was perfectly aware of it.

The fact was, certain dissolute practices of Squire Benson,—for by this name the rich man was known,—had come to the knowledge of the old man, and he had plainly and seriously remonstrated with him on the subject. The squire was excessively irritated at this, and though he tried to laugh the matter off as a good joke, it was evident Old Simon had planted a barb in his breast which rankled deeply, and he never could forgive him for presuming to know what he wished to keep concealed, or for daring to remonstrate with him—a rich man, and a squire—as if he had been a common person, whom he had a right to advise. He had it in his power to annoy the old fisherman in various ways, and he was dastardly enough to do so when opportunities presented themselves.

So matters went on, when one very cold day about the middle of winter, old Simon found himself entirely out of fuel, and unless he would sit by a fireless hearth, he must bestir himself and obtain a new stock. He well knew that he had only to mention his want to almost any of his neighbours in order to obtain the needed supply, but he had an honest pride which forbade him to do any thing which looked like begging,

so long as he could possibly avoid it. But then he had no money, and what was he to do? There was but one alternative, so he crept out into a neighbouring wood, belonging to a friend who had given him free permission to go there and pick up fuel whenever he choose, with the intention of getting a few dead branches, and the like, and dragging them home. But he was on that day unusually lame; the ground was covered with deep snow, and it was with great difficulty that he, after a long search, contrived to rake together a few ragged branches which he found scattered about here and there, showing their tops above the snow, and, binding them in a bundle, lifted them upon his shoulder. The task was however at last accomplished, and weary, and stiff with the cold, he slowly plodded along through the sled-path, on his way homeward. He had just reached the little foot-bridge which was thrown across the river in front of his cottage, when 'squire Benson suddenly burst out of his house and running after him.

"Stop, old man!" cried he, "where did you get that wood? That wood is not yours. You stole it from me!"

This violent and sudden accusation, coming as it did so unexpectedly, quite terrified the old man; "I did not steal it!" he replied in a trembling voice. "None of your lies to me, you old villain!" exclaimed the angry 'squire, furiously. "I missed some of my wood yesterday. It lies up there in the grove, and you stole this from it! Here, give it to me!"

"No, sir," answered Simon, more stoutly, "I did not steal, as I told you before; I dragged it all, stick by stick, out of the snow in Mr. Ardney's woods, as he gave me permission. I am no thief, and I shall not give up my wood!"

"Do you tell me you won't, you old grayheaded, lying rascal?" cried the 'squire, shaking his fist in the face of the poor old man, who however manfully stood his ground; "give it to me, I say!"

"Look," said the old man retreating out of the bridge, "you can see very well that this is not your wood. There are nothing but dead fallen branches that I found under the trees and dragged out of the snow."

"You stole them, I say!" shouted the enraged 'squire, "now see what you get by lying!" With these words he darted toward the helpless old man, and, before he

was aware of his intention, tore the bundle from his shoulders and threw it over the bridge directly into an air-hole in the ice, and it was instantly carried under.

"Now the dispute is at an end, and you may go about your business!" said the unfeeling man with a spiteful laugh, and instantly retreated into his house.

Old Simon looked after him a moment with a swelling heart, then turning with his eyes full of tears, he sorrowfully pursued his way toward his lonely little cottage. When he arrived there, he found a kind neighbour just unloading a small supply of wood which he had brought him, so that his loss was more than made up, but he sat down in his chimney-corner, with a heavier heart than he had ever felt before. His pipe was neglected, he forgot to examine his fishing tackle, and even Robinson Crusoe had no power to wean him from his sorrowful reflections. He had been called a thief and a liar; his gray hairs had been insulted, and he felt as if the glory of his youth, and the crown of his old age,—an unspotted name,—had been rudely wrested from him,—him that in all his poverty had never been suspected of the smallest deviation from truth and honesty. It was too much for him to bear, and laying down his head upon his little pine table, he wept like a broken-hearted child.

For several days old Simon was little seen about his cottage door; he was sitting sorrowfully by his hearth, brooding over the wrong and insult he had received from the haughty and overbearing squire, and wondering why the rich should so often have it in their hearts to oppress the poor and lowly. His only companion, the venerable old cat, seemed to be aware something was amiss with her master, and all the kindness of her nature was called into action. She purred around him continually, rubbed her soft coat against his limbs, jumped upon his shoulder, and laid her whiskered cheek to his eyes with the utmost affection, and in every way in her power, expressed her sympathy for his troubles.

"Poor old puss!" said he, kindly stroking her back, quite moved at her demonstrations of affection, "poor old puss, perhaps you will soon be my only friend, for who knows but the squire will make all my other friends believe that I have been

stealing! Old Simon may then lay down and die, for how could he live to be pointed at as a thief?" here the old man paused, for a fresh torrent of tears ran down his wrinkled and weather-beaten face, and he felt as if he had no heart left to enable him to bear up under his troubles and infirmities.

As is generally the case, the greater portion of the community took part with the oppressed and warmly exclaimed against the oppressor; so that the squire, never popular among the villagers, was now in a fair way of bringing down the execrations of the whole body upon his head. Some even went so far as to advise old Simon to retaliate, but he was a man of peace, and advice of that character found little response in his bosom. "No" said he, shaking his white locks, "no—let him go! Since I find there is no danger of his poisoning the minds of my old friends and neighbours against me, I feel very willing to forgive and forget everything he has made me suffer.

"But you ought not to do so!" exclaimed one. "If you go on in this way, forgiving every abuse he has a mind to heap upon you, you will have enough to forgive after a while, I promise you! No, you ought to revenge yourself in some way that he will remember, and then he will let you alone."

"Well, well, leave it all to me?" answered the old man, I will find some way of revenging myself by and by; sometime, perhaps, when he least expects it. But after all, what do all the little insults and injuries of the squire weigh against the kindness and good-will of such friends as you are?"

His friends soon departed, but old Simon went about his customary avocations with a lighter heart than he had felt for some days. Even old grimalkin seemed perfectly to understand and appreciate the revolution in his feelings, and frisked about the house in a manner which, in so staid and venerable a member of the feline family, was quite wonderful to behold.

Thus affairs went on—the squire scowling at the old fisherman whenever he chanced to meet him, and old Simon patiently and unoffendingly going on his way quite disregarding his threatening aspect. "It will all come right some time or other," he would say to himself. "At any rate, I will act so as to have a clear conscience."

CHAPTER II.

It was a fine afternoon, toward the end of February. There was a freshet in the river and the ice was breaking up. The villagers were standing in groups.

In one of their little groups stood Squire Benson, together with his only son, a beautiful boy of twelve years, the idol of his heart. Bold and daring in his disposition, he delighted in scenes of excitement and danger, and during all that morning, while all others stood pale with terror, he had strode about the village, his head erect, his nostrils dilated, and his bold black eyes flashing with eager enthusiasm. He was now standing by his father, watching the river with a restless eye, and hardly able to restrain his headlong impetuosity.

"Father," said he, "let me go on to the bridge, and see the ice go down the river!"

"Not for your life, Edgar!" exclaimed the father, grasping him tightly by the hand and growing pale at the very thought. "Do you not see that the water is already almost on a level with the bridge? And it is so slightly made that it may go to pieces any minute."

At this moment a sudden and deafening sound was heard, like the hoarse roar of a cataract; the river suddenly became agitated to an extraordinary degree, and at the same time rose several inches. A large mill-pond about twenty rods above them had burst its banks, and its whole waters, accompanied by immense quantities of ice, were pouring into the river.

"The pond! the pond!" screamed the villagers, struck with sudden dismay, while Edgar, no longer able to restrain his feelings, burst from his father's hand, and with a loud shout bounded forward, and before any one was aware of his intention, was two-thirds of the way over the bridge.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted he, swinging his cap high in the air, his fine face glowing with enthusiasm, and his bright locks streaming in the wind. "Hurrah! Come on! I am ready for you!" again shouted the bold and reckless stripling, as almost maddened by the excitement of the scene, he stood on the very edge of the bridge, daringly fronting the long and dense crowd of miniature icebergs, which, urged on by the impetuous torrent behind them, came dashing furiously down the tide like war-steeds rushing to battle.

"Come back! Edgar!" shrieked the terror-stricken father, "quick! for God's sake, quick!"

"This way, boy!" shouted the old fisherman, who stood at his cottage door a witness of the scene. "This way, and instantly, or you are lost. You cannot turn back. The ice will be upon you before you are half-way over!"

"Come back!" again shouted the infuriated father, "do not listen to that old rascal!"

The boy confused by these contradictory commands, and suddenly awakened to his dangerous situation, lost all presence of mind. One fearful moment he stood, his black eyes wildly dilated, helplessly gazing at the frightful scene before him,—the next, a crashing sound was heard, and the bridge was swept away as if it had been an infant's toy. An appalling shriek burst from the panic-stricken spectators, as the boy went down amid the drifting ice and scattered fragments of the ruined bridge.

Fortunately, however, he had stood near the end of the bridge, and as the main body of the ice was in the middle of the current, there was an opportunity for him to rise, and scarce a moment elapsed after his disappearance before he was seen clinging with incredible exertion to a large ice-flake, and hurrying swiftly down the river.

"Father! father!" wildly screamed the boy, in a voice which was distinctly heard above the roaring of the waters, "father, save me, I am drowning!"

"Oh, who shall save my child! Will nobody save my child!" cried the father, helplessly wringing his hands, and frantically running up and down the banks of the river; while the paralyzed spectators stood, either staring vacantly at the fast receding form of the hapless boy, or gazing irresolutely in each other's faces, but all immovable as the ground on which they stood.

"Father! oh, quick, father, save me, I am drowning!" again, but in fainter tones, rung on the ears of the wretched parent. But he had never learned to swim, and who that was able, dared to trust himself to the fury of that rushing torrent?—a torrent in which huge masses of ice were dashing against each other with a force sufficient to crush a human being out of the very form of humanity.

Where then was old Simon? With the

alertness of a young man, he had rushed to the water's edge, and dragging his boat, which had been drawn upon the bank, into the current, threw himself into it, and was seen bending his aged form to the oars, and urging his little vessel swiftly along through the driving ice, at the momentary hazard of sure destruction. But, as if guarded by some supernatural power, he darted on towards the spot, where, far down the river, the helpless and almost exhausted boy, still resolutely clinging to the ice, was drifted against a small tree which just lifted its head above the water, but which threatened every moment to give way before him.

"Hold on, my brave boy!" shouted the old man, standing up in the boat that he might be seen by the child, "hold on, I am coming!" and he again strained his sinewy arms till the boat seemed absolutely to dart over every impediment, while his long white hair, streaming behind him on the wind, and his garments dripping with water, gave him the appearance of some fabled sea-god just emerging from his native element.

Stimulated by the sight of the old fisherman, though the hissing and roaring of the waves, as they swept madly by him, prevented him from hearing his voice, Edgar still clung with a desperate grasp to the freezing and slippery mass which alone saved him from the jaws of destruction.

"Hold on a moment longer, my brave lad! Hold fast and firm, while I swing my boat around so as to reach you without disturbing the ice, and then you are safe!"

In another moment a careful arm was stealing around the waist of the almost senseless boy, and a strong grasp lifted him into the boat. One moment he unclosed his eyes and saw that he was reclining on the breast of old Simon, whose wrinkled and weather-beaten face was bending over his, and streaming with tears of joy.

But the exigencies of the moment required all his attention, and carefully placing the boy in the bottom of the boat—"Lie there," muttered he, "good child of a bad father, and God be praised that I have saved you!" Then without another word the old man again zealously plied his oars, and without accident, in a

few minutes, fortunately reached the opposite shore some distance below his dwelling. Here he was met by the overjoyed father and a crowd of sympathizing neighbours.

"Here is your son," said he, in a calm but severe voice, "here is your son, safe and sound, though cold and fatigued. Take him, and remember to whom you owe his life!"

With mingled emotions of joy and shame the father folded his recovered idol to his breast, while without another word, old Simon turned away to seek the shelter of a neighbour's dwelling for a few hours, until the river should become so free from ice as to enable him to return to his cottage in safety.

Edgar was carefully carried home, and, thanks to a good constitution and judicious treatment, suffered no permanent injury from his accident. As old Simon had truly said, he was a good boy, and the next morning as soon as he awoke, his first inquiry was for the generous fisherman. Naturally enthusiastic, and glowing with gratitude for the infinite service he had rendered him, he was all impatience to see him and thank him with his whole heart; unobservant of the restless and abstracted manner of his father, who was walking up and down the room, apparently deaf to the strong and earnest expressions of gratitude which the eager boy was so freely pouring forth. "Father," said he, "when may I go to see good old Simon, and tell him how grateful I feel towards him?"

One short but painful moment the father paused—then suddenly snatching his son to his breast, "Noble boy," he exclaimed, "we will go together, we will go to-morrow if you are equal to the visit; for I would show the old man that I am not quite unworthy to have so good a son." The wondering boy looked into his father's face, but, too happy at this promise, soon forgot the words which had excited his surprise.

The next morning the river was entirely free from ice, and stepping into a boat with his son, the squire was soon on his way to the cottage of old Simon. The fisherman, who had witnessed their approach, stood at his door to receive them, nowise surprised at the visit. The moment they landed, Edgar bounded forward towards him, and his affectionate

thanks and grateful expressions fairly made the old man's eyes run over. The squire was soon at their side, and Edgar, taking his father's hand, "My father has come to thank you," said he, "and tell you how grateful he is to you for saving my life."

Old Simon spoke not. He appeared to be patiently waiting until the squire, who stood before him, his eyes fixed upon the ground, while strong and varying emotions flitted over his face, should break the embarrassing silence. At length the latter suddenly raised his eyes, and looking the fisherman full in the face, he grasped his hand, and, wringing it almost convulsively, exclaimed, while tears, long strangers to his eyes, rolled fast down his cheeks, "I cannot find words to express what I would say to you. I have wronged you, generous and noble-hearted man. I have basely wronged you. But if my sins have not been beyond forgiveness, tell me you forgive me."

"There is nothing left to forgive," answered the old man with a benevolent smile, "do you not think I am sufficiently revenged?"

"You are revenged, nobly and generously revenged," answered the subdued father, with a feeling of respect and admiration for the poor old fisherman, which a king could not have excited in his bosom. "You have given me a lesson of true greatness which I shall never forget. But tell me that I am forgiven, and tell me too, how I shall repay the infinite debt I owe you for saving the life of my son?"

The forgiveness of old Simon was easily granted. Mr. Benson wept like a child and promised his course of life should be different, as well as his treatment of the old man. "I will love you, and love you all my life," exclaimed Edgar, throwing his arms around the old fisherman, and old Simon wept with so much kindness shown to him.

The squire lived to a good old age; but from that day in which his son was so providentially restored to him, he was a changed man. He grew mild and benevolent in all his words and actions, and was ever after as much beloved and respected as he had hitherto been disliked and shunned; and many and many a time was the stranger who visited his dwelling entertained by him with the tale of "OLD SIMON'S REVENGE."

A LEAF

FROM AN AUSTRIAN CATECHISM
PUBLISHED AT MILAN.

Q. What is meant by the term superiors?

A. By the term superiors we mean those persons who are elevated above others, and who have the right and power to make laws and to punish those who violate them; and therefore superiors are styled powers.

Q. How are the superior powers styled?

A. The superior powers have different names, such as Emperor, King, Arch-Duke, Grand Duke, &c.

Q. Could society subsist without superiors?

A. Society could not exist if it were not under the control of superiors, because mankind, of whom it is composed, are generally inclined to evil.

Q. What would happen if there were no superiors?

A. If there were no superiors (*i. e.* *Kings and Princes*) every thing would fall into confusion; nobody would venture to go to the next door; nobody would be safe in his own house.

[These merely inculcate the salutary principles of despotism; but the following passages will show the authority on which they are sought to be upheld—and the reader we think will acknowledge that it is a tolerable specimen of Imperial criticism, to which the Unitarians in Hungary will not respond.]

Q. From what have the superiors received their power?

A. Our superiors have received their power from God.

Q. What did Jesus say to Pilate?

A. *Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above.*

Q. What did Jesus mean to say by the words *from above*?

A. Jesus meant to say by the words *from above*, that the power of judging him was given to Pilate from Heaven, that is, from God.

Q. Why do Emperors, Kings, and other superiors have their power from God?

A. Emperors, Kings, and other superiors, have their power from God, *because* they are the Vicegerents of God upon earth.

Q. Can he who has no religion be a loyal subject?

A. He who has no religion cannot fear God; and he who does not fear God, cannot be a loyal subject.

PUNISHMENT AND PARDON—

THE DIVINE PLAN.

IN every *book*, and *chapter*, and *page* of the Bible, we see inculcated the doctrine of the punishment of vice; the sure, and certain, and just retribution which *will* fall, not *may* fall, on transgressors. "That God will by no means clear the guilty."—Exodus xxxiv. 6, "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished."—Prov. xi. 21. "Thou renderest to every man according to his work."—Psalm lxii. 12. "Behold I come quickly, my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."—Rev. xxii. 12. "That every one may receive the things done in his body; according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. v. 10. "He that doth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done: and there is no respect of persons."—Col. iii. 25. And every reader of the Holy Scriptures must know that these passages might be increased one hundred fold, teaching us, "That every transgression and disobedience receives a just recompense of reward."—Heb. ii. 2. And where is the christian teacher who does not believe, preach and teach, this very doctrine; at times in set discourses, or set parts of his discourses. "That God will by *no means* clear the guilty." "The wicked *shall not* be unpunished." "*Every one* shall receive for the deeds done." "Thou renderest to *every man* according to his works." "He that doth wrong *shall suffer* for the wrong." This is clear, impartial, just treatment: punishment for wrong doing addressed to all, affirming there is no respect of persons with God. To the Jew, to the Gentile, bond and free, to all.

But as clearly and unequivocally is it also declared in the Holy Scriptures that God is merciful; pardons sin, forgives transgressions, and blots out iniquity. And passages similar to the following are numerous. "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the remnant of his heritage? he retaineth not his anger forever because he delighteth in mercy."—Mich. vii. 18. "I will forgive their iniquity and remember their sins no more."—Jer. xxxi. 24. "Who forgiveth *all* their iniquities."—Psalm ciii. 3. "The Lord God, merciful and

gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin."—Exodus xxxiv. 6, 7.

From the texts we have quoted we see it clearly stated that God punishes men fully for their sins; and yet he forgives sin. Can God *punish* and *forgive*, you ask? We reply he can. We believe he does. We feel certain there is no antagonism in the divine plan of punishment and pardon. He can both *forgive* and *take vengeance*, keep mercy for thousands, and by no means clear the guilty, according to the theory of the sacred writers. In various passages he is declared to do this; yes, in the same breath or text of the writer, God is said to pardon and punish, to forgive and take vengeance: so harmonious, and not impossible, did this appear to the sacred writers. See Exodus xxxiv. 7, "Forgiving iniquity, and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." Also, Psalm xcix. 8, "Thou wast a God that gavest them though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions."

These facts of divine government we have briefly stated, on punishment and pardon, as found in the teaching of the bible, and that they are without partiality and without antagonism, we are most firmly persuaded, and now proceed to explain and show their harmony.

ON SIN and its PUNISHMENT there is a great amount of misconception, confusion, and error in the general statements of Trinitarian theologians. The end, you will have often observed, of their discourses contradicts the beginning. They preach, and cite numerous passages of Scripture to show, that God will punish every transgression, that there is a just God who takes account of all evil and will render to every man according to his work. This is part first of the sermon: part second goes on to show the plan of salvation by which they may escape the punishment due to their sins, and then is ignored entirely what went before. "He that doth wrong shall suffer for the wrong." "He will by no means clear the guilty." And this kind of preaching does incalculable mischief. It tells the vicious he may be vicious and escape the punishment of vice. It is information readily, eagerly seized by the careless, worldling, wicked

and unjust of all classes : a way of escape, a plan of salvation called the divine economy whereby punishment is remitted and pardon is granted to every transgressor, however heinous his crimes, however long he may have continued in sin. And this error in doctrine leads on to absurdity ; for remembering that sin will be punished by a just God, a vicarious sacrificial scheme is introduced to harmonise the doctrines of punishment and pardon ; and punishment is transferred from the *Race* to an *Individual*, in direct violation of every principle of justice, every dictate of moral honour ; presenting the marvellous absurdity of a *sinless* being suffering the *punishment* of sin. If the penalty of sin is endless punishment as affirmed by those who hold the vicarious sacrificial theory. Jesus then did *not* bear the penalty due to the sins of mankind they certainly know. This theory of the transfer of guilt and punishment, and mode of pardon is unscriptural as well as irrational, and based upon many impossibilities. But if the modern position is taken that Jesus suffered merely as parents suffer for their children, or patriots for their country, or martyrs for the church, then there is *no substitution*—there is no “satisfaction” for that stern and awful Divine Justice with which the Vicarious theory clothes the Deity. There is, in such an idea of suffering, nothing of a transfer of guilt or punishment. It is nothing like punishment. Punishment, under the Divine Government, is united with the reality of guilt ; and precisely in the same sense in which the early Christians were “partakers of the sufferings of Christ,” do parents, patriots and martyrs suffer for others—not in their place—not lessening one pang of the punishment which is due to sin. Unitarianism recognizes the full enormity of sin ; and the punishment attendant on sin, and reveals the deadly character of transgression ; and that “God will by no means clear the guilty,” “And that every disobedience receives a just recompense of reward.” The difficulty with the multitude of mankind is, they do not see the punishment, they do not realize the amount of suffering, the degree of pain, shame, and misery another feels. They would usurp the throne of Him who says, “Vengeance belongeth unto me, I will

repay.” Without they can have it shown to them the manner *how*, the time *when*, and the place *where* this punishment is inflicted, they will not believe what ought to find a ready admission to their minds under an impartial righteous judge of all.

The degree of suffering, the kind of punishment, the penalty borne, the time and place of misery, are minor questions providing we believe in a righteous judgement. It is enough for us to believe that virtue *is* rewarded, that vice *is* punished, and that *every man* shall bear his *own* burden.

Thus our faith is based upon an idea of justice which does not exclude the righteous punishment of the transgressor ; nor transfers it to an innocent person. And yet we believe in *MERCY, PARDON, FORGIVENESS* in what we think is their scriptural sense.

If all men are punished for their sins, you ask, What is mercy ? It is mercy as well as justice in the hands of God that this is so. The Psalmist must have held this view when he said, “Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth *mercy* ; for thou renderest to every man according to his work.”—Ps. lxii. 12. We must remember that God’s mercy is not made known to men in *saving them from punishment*, but in punishing them for their good. And this to a transgressor is an act of kindness on the part of God ; it is ever-enduring mercy to him which follows him and aims to sanctify the punishment even for his welfare. An act of goodness in not remitting punishment and which tends to restrain from sin and lead to virtue. From this view of God, we are brought to acknowledge that God’s mercy is over all his works, and that it endures for ever. That punishment is of *divine love* even as reward is. We are thus enabled to “kiss the rod” which chastens us, and to say, “though he slay me, I will trust in him.” We are God’s children in the school of the world, and because God loves us he chastens us betimes, even as a father the son in whom he delights. The fruits of violated law are bitter, formed so by the loving kindness of God to save the soul alive.

So it is in the righteous government of God, *JUSTICE AND MERCY* meet together. ’Tis not so, we are bound to say in the ways of men, punishment and what is

called mercy are often unequal, unfair, partial, unjust; without any *wise* purpose or *beneficent* end: arising from human infirmity, and a lack of knowledge, wisdom or goodness. Were mankind wiser and better than they are, we are persuaded that all the modes and aims of punishment would be for the good of the criminal as well as the protection of society. Imperfect as is our criminal code, many have been reformed by it and have acknowledged it a merciful course of justice.

Now with God there is no darkness, infirmity or partiality; and all his designs are gracious, and will accomplish the purpose of his mind; which appear to be—his glory, and the ultimate and universal happiness and elevation of every soul of man.

Three things we endeavour to show, 1st, That sin is punished as the Scripture teacheth. 2nd, That God is merciful even in the punishment of sin. 3rd, That there is pardon or forgiveness with God.

It is evident from what has already been premised that forgiveness does not mean a remission of punishment. Surely it does not. Sin ever has been and ever will be punished, so sure as there is a righteous governor of the universe. What then is *forgiveness*? We reply, A REINSTATING OF THE SOUL AFTER PUNISHMENT IN A CONDITION AS BEFORE SINNING. In the words of Holy Writ, "He restoreth my soul." "He remembereth no more our sins for ever." "He removeth our sins from us as far as the east is from the west." "He blotteth them out of the book of remembrance."

Thus the forgiveness of God grants a condition of mind which precludes all idea or fear of further punishment, placing the soul in that relation towards God which is styled justification—God treating the man as just, no more reckoning against him his trespasses; as the Father of the prodigal, in our Lord's parable, is represented as receiving his son once morally dead. The Saviour did not, in that parable, make any thing requisite for the reinstating of the prodigal but simple repentance. The prodigal had sinned; he had justly suffered; he had come to himself; he was a penitent, and parental love received him in a manner that seemed to imply an utter forgetfulness of his guilt and an entire absorption of the soul in

joy for his return. The elder son wanted another course pursued. He was a representative of those religionists who with stern and barbaric ideas of Justice, want a process adopted that has no relation to the real condition of the soul, but only to their theory of severity toward sin. Had Jesus represented the father of the prodigal as repulsing the son, and the elder brother as coming forward to take the guilt and the punishment due to the sinful brother and thus opening a way for the prodigal's return, he would have given some countenance to the scheme of Vicarious Atonement. But the parable as he spake it, and all his teachings concerning the duty of forgiveness, necessarily repudiate the vicarious sacrificial theory, and give support to the grand idea, that every soul is embosomed in Creative Love, and all Divine severity is designed and perfectly adapted to induce in the alienated a repentant mind, so that, finally, by the varied agencies of Fatherly Redemption, God will reconcile not himself to the world, or himself be reconciled to the world, but will reconcile the world unto himself not imputing their trespasses unto them.

This idea of forgiveness,—*the reinstatement of the soul in peace with God* is fully borne out by scripture; indeed, we find forgiveness used in the Scriptures where there was no guilt and no punishment could be deserved; see Numb. xxx. 2-8. In this case the father having full power over the female, the non-fulfilment of her vow involved on her part no guilt. To forgive in this case was simply to place the person in the same condition as before the vow was spoken. In Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple, 1 Kings, viii, 46-50, forgiveness is supplicated for the people in view not only of their sinning, but also of their suffering the punishment of their sin in the form of Captivity; and in harmony with this prayer is the entire meaning of the Scriptures, that Repentance, true and genuine, will reinstate the soul in Divine Favour, but it never asks or implies that the punishment due to sin shall be remitted; yet pardon is supplicated for his people, and the grand testimony is, "I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." Jer. xxx, 33-34. Parallel to Heb. viii, 10-12. The grand declaration

is, *not* that punishment shall be remitted, but that sins shall no more be remembered, shall not be any more mentioned, Ezk. xviii. 21, 22; The same view, that sin is punished and the sinner's reinstatement after repentance in the favour of God is considered as pardon or forgiveness is borne out in Isaiah xl, 2, "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her.....that her *iniquity is pardoned*; for she hath received of the Lord's hand *double* for all her sin." When our Saviour restored the sick of the palsy he said, "*Thy sins be forgiven thee*," which he explains meant Thou art restored to thy former condition of health, or equal to, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." This is in perfect unison with the doctrine of repentance and remission of sin, inasmuch as previous to forgiveness there is always repentance, forgiveness is that recognition of penitence which reinstates the soul as before guilt was contracted. It is that Mercy which mentions sins no more—that does not, so far as the forgiven one is concerned, even remember those sins. Hence when the Apostle gave his brief definition of the Gospel, 2 Cor. v. 19, he concluded with this idea of the non-reckoning of sin in the account with the soul: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto him."

Hence the inducements to repentance under this doctrine are far superior to the motives which Trinitarianism can present. We are assured of the Divine favour—of being received a reconciled soul when we turn from our sins and with our best endeavours strive to withstand temptation; but how *uncertain* is that soul of the Divine favour whose trust is in a kind of sacrifice *which manifests a stern and barbaric Deity*—a Deity whose entire administration is based on the infliction of an infinite punishment on mankind, but who compromises the matter by visiting on a Son in whom he was "well pleased," all the agony that could be endured by the race! How painful are the doubts of the penitent whether the "Atonement" was really made for him or her; or whether an appropriate experience to secure its application has been known! Far better than the metaphysics of misguided theologians is the plain clear doctrine of Scripture of punishment and pardon.

BIBLE REVISION.

Just Published, Price 6d., **THREE LECTURES** by J. SCOTT PORTER, of Belfast, in reply to the REV. DR. CUMMING, of London, on the RECEIVED VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES, and the expediency of subjecting it to a *careful and impartial* Revision, by Public Authority. Sold by E. T. Whitfield, 178, Strand, London; and at the Unitarian Book Depository, Belfast.

THE subject of BIBLE REVISION is now everywhere discussed. It must rejoice the hearts of those who have laboured so long in the cause to *see* they have not toiled in vain. The most learned and candid of every church in Great Britain and America are alive to the importance of this work.

Dr. Cumming, of London, stands foremost in the ranks of opposition. He admits there are many faulty renderings. We fear he loves those faults; and for their sake alone he contends against alteration. He was invited to Belfast by the Church of Ireland Young Men's Society, as the champion of the *Conservatism of Acknowledged Errors*. The Rev. J. S. Porter's Lectures are a reply to Dr Cumming's misstatements and ignorance on the subject of Bible Revision. We do not think Dr. Cumming will be disposed to accept of another invitation to lecture against Bible revision in Ireland; so long as Mr. Porter is there. These lectures are very interesting and instructive on the different versions which have been in use, accompanied with solid reasons for a revision of the Bible by Public Authority now: and a reply and complete repudiation of the charges made against Unitarians for the interest they manifest in this matter.

We shall gladly forward to any of our readers a copy of these Three Lectures, (post free) on the receipt of *six stamps*.

THE UNITARIAN PULPIT.

A New Monthly Publication, by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Sold by E. T. Whitfield, 178, Strand, London.

The first number for May contains a Sermon by the Rev. W. Gaskell, M.A., "THE REGULATION OF THOUGHT;" a Sermon by the Rev. J. Kenrick, M.A., "THE WISE REPROVER;" and a Sermon by the

Rev. E. Tagart, "DWELLING IN LOVE; DWELLING IN GOD."

There are thousands of us to whom the truths of these very beautiful discourses, if fully received, would be found a greater blessing than all our worldly possessions. We will rejoice to hear of them being read everywhere.

On the receipt of *six stamps* we will forward any of the monthly numbers as they are published (post free) to any of our subscribers.

THE SURE TITLE.

FATHER FLYNN had been lecturing us on the greatness and power of the Church, and commending us to leave the care of our souls entirely to the clergy, and be satisfied that what they told us, and nothing else was right. There was one a bold fellow present, one Phil Ryans, a decent farmer, with some small holdings at a place near us. When they were dismissed, all but myself and two or three more that were in the priest's confidence, Phil came back, and making his best bow, said:

"Plase, your reverence, I just forgot how I want to lodge a complaint against Mike Conner; he is contrary and scrupulous, and suspicious."

"Well, be short, man; it's little I'm likely to do in settling your differences; but I always held Mike to be a decenter fellow nor yourself," says Father Flynn.

"Well, then," says Phil, "to make short of it, yer honor, I want Mike to rint of me a snug cabin, and a matter of two acres of good land, on a lease."

"Well?"

"Mike is unreasonable, yer reverence, all out he wants to see my title, to be sure it's good, and to examine all about the little property, which I take very unkind at his hand, seeing he has my word for it all."

"Why, man alive!" says the priest, who had a liking to Mike, "what's got into your head now? Do you suppose that any but a natural would take your bare word in a matter where himself, his interest, and his comfort are all concerned? Go, give him the satisfaction he wants, and don't be setting yourself up in the face of law, justice, lease and all."

But Phil did not move. "Plase your reverence," says he, "I have the head landlord's authority to say that he executed the lease, putting me in the possession of these premises, to let as I like; and why should any man stand doubting me for want of proofs?"

"Get along, sir," says Father Flynn, to him again. "Produce your lease, show him your title, satisfy the honest man's mind that his own will be good, or else he's a fool if he has any thing to say to you or your holdings. It's what every tenant has a right to," says he again to us; "and ye know that, boys, very well."

But what a change came over Phil! He stood as bold as a lion, and as brisk-looking as a kid; and never moving his eyes from the priest's face, that grew all scarlet and blue as he spoke, he said, "Why, then, your reverence, will you please to show me *your* title to grant me an entrance into the kingdom of heaven, and satisfy me that if I take it at your hands, I am in safe possession, let who may object to it?"

The priest was like one mad. He made as if he would close in upon him to chastise him; but Phil was a powerful fellow, and not to be trifled with. He stood on his guard firmly, but not disrespectfully, and so went on:

"It's but a cabin, sir, and a patch of ground, and the longest possession a man can have of it is but a few years. But in case he don't get it, there's scores of places just as good to the fore; or if he's turned out, he needn't want a shelter to go to. But the place we're depending on you to engage for us when we leave this world—"

Here the priest interrupted him with a worse word than I wish to write down; and turning to us, he said:

"Boys, will you see your priest insulted by a swaddling apostate, that's sold himself to the devil and the Bible-men for a few coin? My curse on ye if ye don't stop his blasphemous mouth, and drive him out!"

"They needn't," says Phil, looking coolly at us; "I'm not going to trouble your reverence any further, as I've incensed you into my meaning about the everlasting habitation. I meant you no disrespect, sir, but a poor man's soul is precious, and I must have better warrant than the bare word of any living man before I hazard it forever."

ANSWER OF A HINDOO,

"Why he attends the Unitarian Church in preference to the more fashionable and more numerously attended Established Churches?"

(From a Calcutta Tract.)

It is a source of unspeakable pleasure to us to know that the efforts of the Unitarian Church in the East Indies have been crowned with much success. That Christianity has been presented to the minds of many of the Hindoos in its original beauty and plainness, and that many of them who would have undoubtedly rather chosen to live in darkness or the twilight of religious life, than adopted the Trinitarian modes of faith, have been brought to the knowledge of the truth of rational Godliness and Christian life by Unitarian Missionaries.

The following answers of a Hindoo to the question "why he worshipped with Unitarians," will be perused with interest by our readers.

I.—Because the prayers read, worship offered, and sermons preached in the Unitarian place of worship remind me of the infinite Maker of the universe, without ascribing to him as Churchmen do, fellow-creators or co-operators equal in power and other attributes. My plain understanding, though it can comprehend the idea of fellow-creatures, is incapable of forming a notion of one or more fellow-creators, each equally possessed of omnipotence and omnipresence.

II.—Because Unitarian prayer, worship, and preaching constantly put me in mind of the beneficial design kept up by the wise and benevolent Author of all, in organizing the members of the animal body, such as bones, veins, vessels, limbs, &c., and in preparing the manifold necessities of life for our maintenance, as proofs of his gratuitous blessing and free grace; while in those Churches he is declared to have refused mercy and salvation to mankind until innocent blood was offered him to appease his wrath.

III.—Because the Unitarian mode of worship exhibits how that infinite and Supreme author has designedly stationed the heavenly bodies, in systematic order, capable of producing and nourishing all the animal and vegetable objects under his divine control; while in those Churches that infinite being is represented as occupying a small space in this limited world, lying in a still smaller space in the womb of a virgin, subject to the control of his parents, though for a season, and duly performing the various animal functions.

IV.—Because I feel already weary of the doctrine of "Man-God" frequently inculcated by the Brahmins, in pursuance of their corrupt traditions; the same doctrines of Man-God, though preached by another body of priests better dressed, better provided for, and eminently elevated by virtue of conquest, cannot effectually tend to excite my anxiety or curiosity to listen to it.

V.—Because I have expressed my disgust, when I heard from the Brahmins the incredible story that God appeared in the form of a party-coloured kite, to accomplish certain purposes. While I maintain the same reverence for the Divine Being, I must be excused believing a similar doctrine held forth in those Churches, as to the appearance of God, on another occasion, in the bodily shape of a Dove. I wonder to observe, that from a denial of the existence of God some are stigmatised with the term atheist; while others are highly respected, though they do not scruple, under the shield of religion, to bring the Deity into ridicule, by representing him in the form of a common bird.

VI.—Because having been taught in the schools,

where the doctrine of the Incarnations of a two-fold or even of a three-fold nature has been solemnly preached, I perceive no novelty in the idea of a two-fold nature divine and human, as entertained and expressed in those Churches.

VII.—Because in those Churches, the Holy Ghost is represented as the very God and not as the miraculous power of the Deity, at the same time that the language applied there to this person of the God-head such as "she was found with child of the Holy Ghost"—"The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee" fully corresponds to the words and ideas used for the Deity in the western and eastern heathen mythologies, and consequently must be offensive to the feelings of those who ascribe to God purity and affection.

VIII.—Because the doctrine of the Trinity inculcated in these Churches, consisting of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, is defensible only on the plea of mystery; while the Trinity preached to us by the Brahmins is a representation of the three principal attributes of the Deity in an allegorical sense, and does therefore deserve some momentary attention. The mind which rejects the latter as a production of the fancy, cannot be reasonably expected to adopt the former.

IX.—Because Unitarians reject polytheism and idolatry under every sophistical modification, and thereby discountenance all the evil consequences resulting from them.

X.—Because Unitarians believe, profess, and inculcate the doctrine of the divine unity—a doctrine which I find firmly maintained both by the Christian Scriptures and by our most ancient writings commonly called the Veds.

Such are my reasons for attending the Unitarian place of worship instead of the established Churches.

CHUNDRU-SHEKUR DEV.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

It is not uncommon for Calvinists of the present time to deny that their church ever taught the eternal damnation of non-elect infants. The following verses of poetry are from a Calvinist poem called the "Day of Doom," which went through six editions about one hundred years ago. They are considered by the writer as the *reply of the judge* to the non-elect infants, who plead that it was not just that they should have been sent to perdition for the sin of Adam.

"Then, answered the judge most dread,

God doth such doom forbid,

That man should die eternally

For what they never did.

But what *you* call old Adam's fall,

And only *his* trespass,

You call amiss to call it his,

Both his and yours it was."

"You sinners are, and such a share

As sinners may expect

Such you shall have; for I do save

None but my own elect.

Yet to compare your sins with theirs

Who lived a longer time,

I do confess yours is much less,

Though every sin's a crime."

"A crime it is,—therefore in bliss

You may not hope to dwell;

But unto you I shall allow

The easiest room in hell

The glorious King thus answering,

They cease and plead no longer,

Their conscience must needs confess

His reasons are the stronger."

The poem was written by Wigglesworth, a Calvinist Minister and learned Fellow of a University.

TRINITY AND UNITY.

Can it be so ?

That the Great Architect of this vast globe,
Who by His word, created worlds on worlds,
And bade them roll in orbits which he tracked
Through space.—Who filled this earth with life
and light,

And brought the mighty waters of the deep
Into one place, with all-commanding power
And set their limits? Can He, the Maker
Of this grand—this glorious universe,
Whose arm is never weary, never faint,
Who lives and is immortal

And never was created, but creates,
And is the Maker of mankind? Can He,
The everlasting, have beginning, or
Be born of one whom He Himself hath made?
Did He become a helpless babe, who was
Omnipotent? Lay He, the King of kings,
In that strait bed, the manger, whom the heav'ns
And earth could not contain? Was it our God
Who said, "Why callest thou me good? there is
But One, and that is God." Was it our God,
Who sat at Jacob's well to be refreshed

And rested? Who was tempted just as we,
And prayed for strength and succour when he died?
Banish the thought! Profane it is indeed,
To say he died who is the Immortal—

Or, that His God-head was divided! Who
Would say that Christ, God's well-beloved son
Ever affirmed himself as very God?
Or, that he had two natures? Were this true
He would have told us, but it cannot be.
If so, then Christ would lose his excellence;
And all his loving acts and deeds would be
Attributed to God, for surely He
Could overcome all trials easily.

This granted, and we lose our pattern,
The model, which our loving Father gave.
Our brother, whose perfection we would reach,
Would be no more a star to guide us here—
His standard we would shrink from,
But, as it is, we toil on cheerfully,
Trying to bear our burdens as become
All those, who call themselves Christ's followers.
Our troubles fly before "Thy will be done;"
Our down-cast spirits rise at that sweet voice
That says, "Be of good cheer and overcome
As I have done." We fear not now the grave,
For as Christ lives, so shall we also live,
And when we die, that mansion in the sky
Will be prepared for us. Happy are they
Who thus believe these simple Gospel truths!
Who list to Christ's own teachings, and construe
Them rightly. Wrong they cannot be, who come
To God thro' Jesus Christ His son, who show
In all their actions that they press towards
The mark of their high calling; that they try
To lead a holy, virtuous life, and err
Only when human frailty draws aside.

No, no, they are not wrong though oft condemned
By ignorance, and prejudice: but Time,
The great unraveller of mysteries
Will show that he who feareth the great God
And worketh righteousness, will be, by Him
Accepted in the end, whatever be
His creed, or its foundation. This the sum
Of man's existence in this nether world.
This the sole aim of Him who said, I come
To work the works of Him who sent me here,
Then let it be ours too. Let dogmas, creeds,
And modes of Heav'nly grace, resolve themselves
Into a holy charitable life. Then shall
All strife and discord cease, and our fair world
Become the abode of unity and peace.

K. C.

SEASONABLE ADVICE ON HEALTH,
ON "UNSEASONABLE AND DANGEROUS PRACTICES."
(From the *Journal of Health*.)

Do not after a long and fatiguing walk, or laborious exercise of any kind, throw off your coat or outer garment, untie cravat, expose the neck and breast, and then sit down at an open window or door, in a current of air, in the evening.

Do not drink, after much fatigue or exposure, very cold or iced water; or iced cream, in place of clear river water, or that which has been exposed to the air for some time,

Do not eat much of any kind of fruit, or any at all of that which is unripe, especially in the evening; or to suppose that the evil consequences are to be obviated by a glass of wine, or cordial, or spirit and water.

Do not eat much animal food, or drink liquors of any kind, under the idea of thereby removing the weakness caused by the great heat of summer.

Do not give to infants, or children in general, any such detestable compositions as milk-punch, wine, or porter, or toddy. This practice ought to be an indictable offence at common law.

Do not give to infants and children any of the various quack medicines, which are recommended as cures for worms, or summer complaints. The common causes of diseases from teething, weaning, excess or irregularity in food, extreme heat, &c., are sufficiently destructive without the auxiliaries of patent and quack medicines, old women's cures, or mother's sweet gifts.

Do not sleep exposed directly to the night air, especially if it be very damp, and much cooler than the air of the day.

Do not have recourse to morning bitters, drams, or *antifogmatics* of any description, other than sponging the whole surface of the body with salt water, or using a tepid bath of the same.

Do not be tempted by the fineness of the evening to sit up till midnight, and, as a consequence, to lie in bed in the morning.

Do not take the usual meals when excessively fatigued from want of sleep, unaccustomed labour, or beginning indisposition. Abstinence, or reduced diet, timely commenced, will obviate all the risks from these causes.

If the feet be damp for any length of time, without muscular action, colds, &c., their long train of evil symptoms must follow, as sure as cause and effect; and if the skin be not habitually kept free and clean, nature's principal door being closed, the house must become smoky and full of crudities; the head cannot be kept cool, unless a wise regard is had to *quantity* and *quality* of the articles conveyed into nature's kitchen, the stomach. Many know full well, by sad experience, that the head is far from being cool after the wine and viands of dinner, and such other days and nights; and it is very evident the body cannot be in health unless the fourth particular be daily attended to, viz., digestion. The lady in her kitchen when left to herself, and not disturbed or crowded with too much and too many articles, is a very orderly personage, manages all her concerns with care, and, withal, is nice and clean. *Let her alone*, and do not crowd her principal apartment, and she will do very well, until the utensils are fairly worn out. To vary the figure, we may say that man is a harp of a thousand strings—"strange that a harp containing a thousand strings should keep in tune so long." So long as the body is kept in good order, and all its parts duly exercised, the mind will play its part better, provided always, as the Phrenologists say, the mental organs are fully developed.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

We learn with astonishment that a court of justice at Rio Janeiro has just decided that a marriage celebrated between two Protestants in Brazil has become invalid by the conversion of the lady to the Roman Catholic faith. That is *apparently* the ground of the judgment; though it may be that the marriage was considered invalid *ab initio*, as having been celebrated between heretics. We know that such used to be the doctrine of the Spanish courts.

LOVE AND HERESY IN TUSCANY.—There appears to be a much wider and deeper feeling among the people in Tuscany against their State religion, as at present administered, than has generally been supposed; and it has manifested itself in conflicts with the parish priests on the matter of marriage. The Tuscan authorities, according to the London *Christian Times*, have endeavoured to sustain the priests in this conflict, by requiring youthful lovers, who wish to be married, to undergo a strict examination in the Christian doctrine as taught and received in the Church, and to be well acquainted with the same.

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Whoever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals, that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

Peter the Great being once at a town in Poland heard much of a wonderful image of the Holy Virgin, which had been seen to shed tears during the celebration of mass, and he resolved to examine this extraordinary miracle. The image being highly elevated, he asked for a ladder, ascended it, and approached close to the image. He discovered two little holes near the eyes.—He put his hand to the head dress, and lifted up with the hair a portion of the skull. The Monks who stood at the foot of the ladder, quietly regarded the Czar, for they did not imagine he could so soon discover the fraud; when he put his fingers upon it, they shuddered to behold their miraculous Virgin thus dishonoured. The Emperor discovered within the head a basin whose bottom was even with the eyes. It contained a very few small fish, the motion of which agitated the water, and caused it to issue slowly and by small quantities, from the two apertures at the corner of each eye. He descended the ladder without seeking to deceive the devotees, or any one; but addressing himself to the Monks, he said coldly to them "That is a very curious image indeed."

BE GENTLE WITH THE LITTLE ONES.—There was a clergyman who often became quite vexed at finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven "Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven."

"Don't want to go to heaven, my son!"

"No, ma, I'm sure I don't."

"Why not? my son?"

"Why grandpa will be there, won't he?"

"Why, yes, I hope he will."

"Well, just as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding, and say, *when! when! when! what are these boys here for!* I don't want to go to heaven if grandpa is going to be there."

THE GREAT COMET.—Since the earliest dawn of observation, we have never known a year in which a great comet was not to strike the earth, or the world was to be brought to an end, according to the interpretation of some prophecy—yes, that very year. You know, reader, we have lived to see all these awful predictions falsified; and another thing we would inform you, we have never had one moment's anxiety from any of those predictions,—never lost one wink of sleep, from French invasions, Messiah's personal coming, or the approach of any great comet. Certainly when they do come they will not find us waiting their coming or watching according to the phrase of the churches. We will endeavour steadily to mind our duty as Christians, so that at whatever hour our Lord pleases to come to us, or call us away to him, he may find us faithful servants.

We were sorry to hear yesterday of a person who had drowned himself from the low state he had got into from the impression that the world was to be destroyed by a comet in this month, June, 1857.

Restless fellows these Jesuits. Their movements concern the whole continent. Wherever they are known to be it is considered the devil has business on his hand at that place and at that time. How little there is in a name, they, of all christian disciples, have taken upon themselves the highest name of the Saviour, from Jesu—Jesuits. And yet all the world over they are considered the very antipodes of the true followers of Jesus. *So much for a name!*

The Paris *Univers* a Roman Catholic paper, in comparing the present state of Italy with England and the United States, remarks, the present state of society in America would inspire us with alarm, did not the progress of the Catholic religion give us confidence in the future. We repeat once more what we have often said; it belongs neither to England nor to the United States to constitute themselves judges of the governments and nations of Italy. At Naples and at Rome there exists an amount of morality, security, religion, prosperity, and comfort which puts London and New York to shame.

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—From "*Cochrane's Travels in Mexico*," we learn "At midnight a curious custom of the Roman Catholic Church was performed, called the Cock Mass, in commemoration of the crowing of the cock which took place on Peter's denial of Christ. When the curate commences the service, they imitate and mock his gestures, tone of voice and manner of reading; make all kinds of noise—shouting, bawling, hooting, and imitating the crowing of the cock, with every possible exertion of the lungs, the whole forming an exhibition most deafening to the ear, and perfectly ridiculous to the eye. There is another church service, quite as ludicrous and preposterous, on the day of celebrating the rending of the veil of the temple, when our Saviour gave up the ghost. The people have large hammers, with which they beat the benches, and have sheets of tin, which they shake, to imitate the noise of thunder as nearly as possible. On this occasion thought he could add to the scene, by imitating the English fox-hunter's tally-ho, which he did with so much strength and clearness of lungs as quite to exceed any noise of other persons, and gained by it so much of the curate's good will, who imagined that his religion was in proportion to the vehemence of his utterance, that after the service he came to him, and seizing his hand, thanked him most cordially for his kind addition to the devotion of the night."

DIAMOND DUST.

The law made days holy; the gospel makes deeds holy.

It is not death, but a bad life, which destroyeth the soul.

Dare to be singular, when you see all around you in the wrong.

Corrupt company is more infectious than corrupt air.

None can enjoy contentment but the virtuous, vice and remorse are inseparable.

He, whose honest freedom makes it his virtue to speak what he thinks, makes it his necessity to think what is good.

It is not so much the difference of opinion, that doth us the mischief, as the mismanagement of that difference.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in the family our tempers; in company our tongues.

The satisfaction derived from revenge endures but for a moment; but that which is the offspring of clemency is eternal.

A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, defends courageously, and continues a friend unchangeably.

Many take less care of their conscience than of their reputation. The religious man fears; the man of honour scorns to do an ill action.

A wise man has no more anger than shows he can apprehend the first wrong; and no more revenge than just to prevent a second.

More hearts pine in secret anguish for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.

It was a noble character which Ascham gave of Frederick, duke of Saxony. "He thinketh nothing which he dare not speak, and speaketh nothing which he will not do."

Truth courts investigation, but error shrinks from scrutiny; truth fears no evils from the most rigid examination, but error always fears the consequence.

Kindness will always do good. It makes others happy and that is doing good. It prompts us to seek to benefit others, and that is doing good. It makes others gentle and benignant, and that is doing good.

A philosopher said "That a man without money is poor, but that a man with nothing but money is still poorer." Worldly gifts cannot bear up the spirits from fainting and sinking when trials and troubles come, no more than headache can be cured by a golden crown, or toothache by a chain of pearls. "Earthly riches are full of poverty."

If great Wisdom have decreed

Man may labour, yet the seed

Never in this life shall grow,

Shall the sower cease to sow!

The fairest fruit may yet be borne
On the resurrection-morn!

Dr. Johnson wisely said, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything. Life is made up of small things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovelful of dirt after another, one shovelful at a time. Thus drops make the ocean. Hence we should be willing to do a little good at a time, and not wait till we can do a great deal at once. If we would do much good in this world, we must be willing to do good in little things, little acts one after another, speaking a word here and a word there, and setting a good example all the time.

THE BIBLE OF NATURE.

BY H. S. ELLENWOOD.

Who's he, that thus his aching sight

Strains o'er the letter'd page,

To fix the bounds of wrong and right,

To gather every ray of light,

Dispens'd by seers and sages bright

To each admiring age!

Who's he, that, cloth'd in priestly dress,

And lifted o'er the crowd,

Expounds th' ETERNAL's terms of grace,

Declares the doom of all his race,

And fills the sacred temple's space

With declamation loud?

Go, bring these grave professors forth;

Bid them their books lay by!

Show them their labour'd systems' dearth;

Teach them the far superior worth

Of lessons spread abroad in earth,

And scatter'd through the sky!

I love the altars of the LORD;

My soul would worship there!

The comforts of his WRITTEN WORD

By man's conceit so often marred

Is WISDOM's voice wherever heard,

Which all mankind may share!

But there's another Book; to me

Most ample, clear, and bright;

'Tis always open, always free;

Whoe'er has eyes, its sense must see;

All read alike, and all agree;

It needs not faith, but sight!

In NATURE'S BIBLE, not a line

By mystery is perplex'd;

No theologian's genius fine

Can beautify the grand design;

No critic mar the page divine,

Or twist the sacred text.

Do they, Creation's works who view,

And whilst they view adore,

Hold different creeds? Does each pursue

His own fond whims, or false or true?

No. Nature's sectaries are few,

And never will be more!

But what does nature teach? you cry;

What doctrines does she prove?

That God's all-potent; I reply;

All-wise; unseen; and cannot die;

An omnipresent Deity,

Whose character is LOVE.

His POWER! throughout unmeasur'd space,

Where operates it not?

His WISDOM! plain in every place;

His PRESENCE! felt; though seen no trace

Material of his awful face;

His GOODNESS passes thought!

In Nature's book were truths no more,
 These would suffice for me ;
 But there is still a copious store ;
 Unbounded is Creation's lore
 I pause, to wonder and adore,
 At every thing I see !

What skill appears in ev'ry flower,
 Its form, its hues, its smell !
 In Earthquakes, what tremendous Power !
 What Bounty in the summer flower !
 What Presence in devotion's hour,
 Speak, ye who best can tell !

Can he ; who lifts his ardent gaze
 Up to the stars' abode ;
 Pass heedless on, without amaze ?
 Can he the Sun's meridian blaze
 Behold, unmov'd ; then go his ways,
 And doubt there is a God ;

The insect's wing; the unfathom'd main;
 The smallest blade that grows;
 The whirlwind, roaring o'er the plain;
 The humble sparrow's lowliest strain;
 All; grand, or mean; or vast, or vain;
 His clear existence shows.

Nor less has Nature's Volume taught
 Of principles within ;
 Whence came the wondrous POWER OF THOUGHT ?
 Was it, by chance, from nothing brought ?
 And will it sink again to nought,
 As though it ne'er had been ?

And do the wise for this contend ?
 How can a spirit die ?
 Does soul on body so depend,
 That they must both together end ?
 If so, we need not apprehend
 The mind's destruction nigh.

Grant me as long will live the soul
 As body shall endure,
 Whilst ages still on ages roll,
 I shall not yield to death's control ?
 Matter its form may change—the whole
 Of being is secure.

Can thought ignobly droop and fall,
 So like what God must be ;
 Whilst dull, unconscious matter shall
 Survive, in triumph, on the ball,
 And change, and change, nor waste at all,
 Through vast eternity ?

Behold, how Winter o'er the year
 Wide ruin seems to spread ;
 Unnumber'd plants in death appear
 Whose fallen forms the Spring shall rear ;
 Nature's analogies are clear,
 She knows no creature dead !

Would I, to fix my faith, demand
 That friends departed rise ?
 From the freed Spirit's unknown land,
 They come ! before my face they stand !
 I see them not here ; my hand
 To feel them vainly tries !

If Reason, Intellect, Nature fail
 The precious truth to find ;
 No ghost, from death's dominions, pale,
 No martyr's oath, no angel's tale,
 No voice from heav'n would e'er avail,
 To prove immortal, MIND.

O Nature ! let thy Book sublime
 To me be open'd wide ;
 Thy precepts reach to every clime,
 They grasp eternity and time,
 The hoary age, and youthful prime,
 May in their truth confide.

Their rise to thee th' affections owe ;
 By thee the passions move ;
 Thou bid'st the tides of feeling flow,
 The heart to warm—the soul to glow ;
 And taught of thee, the joys we know
 Of sympathy and love.

All beauty, order, matchless skill,
 All moral worth is thine ;
 The vast of space thy splendours fill ;
 Bright worlds above obey thy will ;
 And as they roll demonstrate still,
 Intelligence Divine.

Great NATURE'S BIBLE stands the same,
 Unchanged from age to age ;
 Immaculate from God it came ;
 No rabbi's gloss, no pontiff's name,
 No crude conceit, that man might frame,
 Pollutes the perfect page.

To him who reads with judging eyes,
 And studies, as he should,
 Philosophy brings large supplies ;
 His mind improves ; his pleasures rise ;
 He cannot but be great and wise,
 He cannot but be good.

Nor will his march of mind be done,
 When this brief life is o'er ;
 The immortal race not seen is run ;
 Not soon perfection's prize is won ;
 There are in space more worlds than one ;
 And souls were form'd to soar !

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We beg to inform our friends that the present volume will not conclude with the June number. We have been advised to continue this volume to the end of the year, so that in succeeding years each volume may begin and end with the year.

The CHRISTIAN FREEMAN is published Monthly, and sent to any part of the Kingdom on the following terms:—A single copy, 2s. 6d. per annum ; four copies, 6d. per month ; or any number above four at the same rate, 1½d. each, POST FREE.

Edited by ROBERT SPEARS, SUNDERLAND.

E. T. WHITFIELD, 178, STRAND, LONDON.

Printed by J. WILLIAMS, 129, High Street, Sunderland.